OF INTEREST TO THE FAIR SEX.

Song of the Angels.

Once, only once, in the revolving years, Celestial song has gladdened mortal ears; Once, only once, has heaven come down to earth With angel tidings of a Saviour's birth.

Not to the mighty, to the wise or great, Did God unroll the starry scroll of fate;

But simple shepherds, keeping watch by might,
Deheld the glory break on mortal sight:
And humble, ears, attuned to lofty word.
The gracious "Fear not" rapturously
heard—

neard-Angelic prelude to the carol high That swept with harmony the earth and

Once, only once, that song to mortals Divinest spark of music's heavenly flame But evermore the deepening echoes roll In tender cadence through each humble

And simple folk, while keeping watch by night,
At duty's lowly shrine, with glorious light
Are flooded as of old from Bethlehem's

And know that Christ, the Lord, is drawing nigh.
-Ella Gilbert Ives in The New Lippincott.

For the Caristmas Shoppers.

In the Chicago Times-Herald Mmc. Qui Vive gives some excellent advice anent Christmas shopping, and the following

Christmas shopping, and the following extracts are culled from this article:

Why don't you go to the shops early? That's the time for the shopping birdling to catch the bargain worm. Everything is laid out nice and fresh and when you waik down the asle you won't have somebody else waiking up your gown. You can go away in comparative peace and quiet without having your pulse quicken to a pneumonia gailop and without suffering the agony of nerves slowly and distractingly chriveling up into curlycues and hard knots. hard knots.

And then-for the love of heaven-don't

self.
Pin this suggestion in your notebook and read it upside down and backwards before you tell the salesman to wrap up a doll's trunk or a little red wheelbar-

Then—this suggestion is most important of all—don't wuit another day until you make it a closed incident. These franticyed, nerve-ripping lad es who tear mady here, there and everywhere, one sees on Christmas eye, buying all the things they don't want and can't afford and don't like anyhow, well, one can't pity them, for it's quite as easy to select Christmas presents in November as to pounce madiy man them December 20th, providing, of

is understood.

Another important matter is this, Don't buy expensive gifts that you cannot afford. Put a little thought in your buying and keep in mind the likes and preferences of the one who is to receive the gift. To send a cream pitcher to a servant girl or to bestow a mahogany rocker or a gas range on a woman who lives in a trunk and eats in a restaurant is not wise. Books are always in good taste, so are flowers, etchings and bonbons.

bons.

Keep your head. Don't get excited to about the task with some sort of system. Have an idea—or two, if you can afford it—before you start out. Make out your list of friends to be remembered and check them off as each one is provided for. Such a disconsolate nicture is and check them off as each one is pro-vided for. Such a disconsollate picture is that of Miss Listless Don'd-Know-What-She-Wants trailing like a lost hope up one asile and down the other and getting trampled on by all the Mesdames Get-There. One feels like holding forth a helping hand and telling her to bruce up, that her mental agency will soon be over

helping hand and telling her to brace up, that her mental agony will soon be over with and that Christmas won't come again for twelve long, long months. Spend le cours for some nice white tis-sue paper and invest a quarter in some narrow ribbon. The up your aff's neatly and daintly and twist in a bit of helly. This makes a pretty setting for your presents and counts for more than one might fancy. might fancy.

Above All Heights,

Work for work's sake, and for our art. I

Nor heart's content when our brief day's

A thousand times less for men's praise or

To crown the finished task, rest come

unsought; But seems it finished, to the Power And Master even of rest, until with

love-For no reward, but as God made-we've wrought?

"Above all heights is rest." At set of sun Spirits perturbed in darkening valleys moan.

"Because we strove for wealth and famalone, work unfinished and ourselves un-

-Marrien Wilcox, in Harper's Magazine.

Hints on Lace Making.

Too much stress cannot be laid on this. Make all your leaves alike, flowers the same, buds, and filling. Many lace-makers use such a variety of stitches, which cheapens the work. The beauty of the intricate labor is lost in this endless va-tiety, which is a hodgepodge, standing for really nothing. Take a rose leaf, bud, and really nothing. Take a rose leaf, bud, and background; the centre of the rose naturally is a coloweb, the leaves one fine stitch, after the Valenciennes school, the background a coloweb. Now fancy, as I saw to-day, the daintiest collar imaginable, each thread so carefully done, a piece of elaborate work; every leaf had a different stitch, each petal might have stood for a rose or a cabbage, and the background was a little of every stitch in the calendar of needlework. The poor soul who had exhausted months of patient labor "to have a real lace collar to hand down to her grandchildren," had succeeded in handing down a sampler of stitches, but nothing to show whether she had a guitnost and fone is careful, as I say, the pure, Valenciennes, or point-lace collar. have a real lace collar to hand down to her grandchildren," had succeeded in handing down a sampler of stitches, but nothing to show whether she had a gui-pure, Valenciennes, or point-lace collar. She was triumphant over the fact that "she could make stitches with the best of them." So do, do, if you wish to put any value into your work, keep within the confines of a certain type.-Harper's Ba-

Are You a Perfect Woman?

The dimensions of a perfect woman are these, says an exchange: Five feet five inches in height; weight, 128 pounds. From the 10 tip of each middle finger just five feet five inches, the same as her height. The length of her hand should be one-tenth of her height; her foot one-seventh, and the diameter of her chest one-siftin. From her thighs to the ground she should measure just the same as from her thighs to the top of her head. The knee should come exactly midway between the thigh and the heel.

The distance from the elbow to the middle finger should be the same as from the elbow to the middle of the chest.

From the top of the head to the chist.

From the top of the head to the chin or at least every fifteen-with the water should be just the length of the toot, over which the steaming was done, which,

Bag-Puncking for Women,

Bag-Punching for Women.

"By punching a rubber bag for ten minutes a day for a week a woman can do more to reduce her weight and to preserve a firm figure than by obschving a rigid diet for ix meanths," says Miss Frances Namon, the won in athlete.

Miss Namon 's an expert in boxing, tricing and all gymmerites for woman Her specialty is fancy bag punching. She gives some cheering advice to the woman who dreads growing stout during 'the winter season of late dinners and little outdoor exercise.

"Bag punching is the ideal indoor exer-

Bag punching is the ideal indoor exer-"Bag punching is the ideal indoor exer-cise for women," says Miss Namon. "The object of all athletics is, of course, to get the blood to directaining rapidly and well. It is the proper action of the blood that clears the complexion, builds up tis-sues and makes the thin woman fat, or burns out unhealthy adipose tissue and makes the stort woman thin. Plenty of od blood coursing fast through the

and the same distance from the chin to the armolt.

A woman of this height should measure twenty-four about the bust, if measured under the arms, and forty-three if measured under them. The upper arm should measure thirteen inches and the wrist six inches.

The calf of the leg should measure fourteen and a half inches, thigh twenty-five and the ankle eight.

of course, you would keep hot for the purpose. You know too much to begin the basting until the flour has begun to brown, or to have too much bastings in the part at once, which prevents the possibility of good gravy-making, of to fail to turn the bird judiciously so that every part is equally and evenly browned; in short, to be sattisfied with anything less than a "picture" turkey, ready to fall to pieces with original tenderness and rich with acquired judiciness and flavor from perfect cooking. perfect cooking

The Mother Sainted.

And yet she does not stir— Such silence weighs on her We hear the drip Of teardrops as we press Our kisses answerless On brow and lip.

Not even the yearning touch Of lips she loved so much She made their breath One with her own, will she Give answer to and be Wood back from Death,

And though he kneel and plead Who was her greatest need, And on her cheek Lay the soft baby face
In its old resting place,
She will not speak.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

A REST FOR SANTA CLAUS.



z (Copyrighted, 1900, Wm. R. Miller.)

Phyllis hangs her stocking there, Smilingly she sees it sway.
As she's watched it years before.

weins is a remedy for hearry an payills that are remediable.

"If a woman has a complexion like
paste, bag punching will start the singgish blood in motion and give her a skin
the color of peaches and craim, if anything will. When I began practice I had
been an ivalid with nervous dyspensia for
three years, and now I have the appetite
and the digistion of an ostrich, and not
an ounce of flesh too much. Bag punchture exceptions overly muscle in the body.

ng exercises every muscle in the body, and especially those that have a tendency to take on fat. It develops the chest and shoulders and neck, and reduces the

"It requires a teacher, Miss Namon?"
Not at all, and there's a strong point in its favor for the average woman. Un-

good poise to the neck. Always hit the

bug, if possible, a trile above the cen-ter, and this will prevent a rebound and, a bruised mass. This, however, will be understood with practice, and it is a part

"Mark Twain's 'Punch, punch, punch

with care, about sums the matter up.
Keep at it. Don't exercise an hour one
day and then forget all about it for a

week; although, I am a believer in the theory that even a little work is better than none."—Boston Globe.

BOOKS and

THE HOSTS OF THE LORD, BY Flor Annie Steel, author of "On the Face of the Waters," "Miss Smart's Legucy." etc. New York: The Macmillan Co Bound in clock, gill top, 12 mo., 314 pages

Not at all there's a strong years in his favor for the average woman. Unlike fencing, it does not require an antagonist. Ten dollars will buy a first-class light robber punching bag with frame work support, and a fairly good one can be had for less money. This is all the paraphernal a necessary, except a pair of light-weight-say 1% ounce-boxing gloves, which will cost from 5 cents to \$1.55. Exercise can be taken in evening dress or street costume just as well as in the most up-to-date gymnshim attire. A woman will derive just as much bened from the most exemble. The theme of the story is a chall between the English and the Hindow, a tragedy that has been enacted many times. It is a most difficult story to enalty, since the content of muscles than any other, and it tends to expand the chest and give a good poise to the neck. Always hit the bar it mostly a tribe shows the content of the prediction of his yearth. Roshan Khan, a Hindow of the story is a chall give a good poise to the neck. Always hit the bar it mostly a tribe shows the content of the prediction of the story is a chall give a good poise to the neck. Always hit the bar it mostly a tribe shows the content of the story is a chall give a good poise to the neck. Always hit the bar it mostly a tribe shows the content of the story is a chall give a good poise to the neck. Always hit the part of muscles than any other, and it tribes of the story is a challenge of the story is a challenge. The same of the story is a challenge of the sto sentative. It is a wierd confector of types-Pedat Narayan, he priest, a poished entured man, who spent his life exed, cultured man, who spent he life expanding a sin of his youth; Roshan Khan, a Hindoo by birth, but amost an Englishman by training yet in whom the race fealty predominates and leads him to be tray the English; Anima and Gugu, the Degum, whose festive attire was of green satin trousers; the multitude of the pecale coming on a playimage to on a pigrimage to of immortality an, of twenty minutes if she wants to reduce her weight rapidly. Punch the bag twenty-five times with the left hand.

bathe in "The Pool of Immortality" and seeking "The Cradle of the Gods." All these and many more are brought before us. Read the following, if you would see the author's attention to detail and powers of description: "A very old puttaloon, with a wizened face, a few spurse hair. oidest of old pantaloons with a back curved by a lifetime of obeisances, a toothess mouth, still full of sonorous titles and a niched old eye, watchful for the least want of the master, be it good or cvil."

Don't you see the old villain? In con-Boat you see the old vinding in con-trast to the Hindoos, we have English men-and women residents in India, and a most fascinating English child as well as the officers and men in the service of the Queen.

It is a powerful story, written with greatdramatic force, complex in its treatment, showing many phases of Hindoo character and combining romance and tragedy.

CUPID'S GARDEN. By Ellen Thornycroft Fowler, author of "The Farringdons," "Concerning Ist bel Carnaby," etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Bound in cloth. 12 mo., portrait of the author, 236 pages. Price. \$1.50. In "Cupid's Garden," Miss Fowler pre-

sents herself to the public in a new light, for the volume consists of fourteen short stories. Miss Fowler's position as a successful writer of novels is undisputed and she has now shown herself as mistress of the art of short-story writing. The short story is admitted to be a more delicate, difficult and exacting art form than the novel, and few novelists are successful writers of short stories. In Miss Fowler's novel we see some of the qualities which go to make the short story, viz. the attention to detail and the accurate portrayal of the minor characters, and the wit which finds expression in epigrams; therefore, it is not such a surprise to find

portrayal of the most characters, and the wit which finds expression in epigrams; therefore, it is not such a surprise to find that she can write delightful short stories, each one a dainty little cameo.

The theme of all the stories is love, but retrospective love, seen from the close of a lefetime of matrimony or at some crisis in its course. This is an unusual view point, for most story writers find their inspiration in the romance of "love's young dream," and do not seem to think that sober matrimony has also its romances, its joys and sorrows, its comedies and tragedies.

The clevery concealed plots, the bright humor, the pathos, the unique point of view, combine to make "Cupid's Garden" a most attractive volume, and it will doubtless prove a most popular holiday book.

JAMES B. EADS. By Louis How. Riverside Biographical Series. Boston, Houghton, Miffin & Co. Bound in cloth, gilt top, 16 mo., 120 pages, photogravure portrait. Price, 75 cents,

portrait. Frice, is cents,

This little volume gives a brief but
comprehensive sketch of the life and
works of James B. Eads, the eminent
civil engineer. The work by which he is
best known is the building of the bridge
neross the Mississipal at St. Louis. This
gigantic undertaking took seven years for
its accomplishment. To him also belongs the honor of having constructed the
first ironclad built in America. Another longs the honor of having constructed the first ironclad built in America. Another noteworthy work was the solution of the problem of opening the mouth of the Mississippi, which he accomplished by means of grantle jettles. The last work to occupy this active brain was the project of spanning the Isthmus of Pahama by means of a ship-railway. Unfortunately, he died before this wonderful plan could be tested. It is a most instructive little book, and the author gives us a most pleasing glimpse of the man himself as well as of his wonderful works.

UNCLE TERRY. A STORY OF THE Maine Coast. By Charles Clark Munn, author of "Pocket Island," !llustrateo by Helena Higginbotham. Boston: Lee and Stepard. Cloth, gilt top, 12 mo, iilustrated, 380 pages, Price, \$1.50.

A book has value according to the nature of the subject, the capacity and richness of experience of the author, and the extent to which he gives himself to us through this book. Judged by these standards, "Uncle Terry" deserves all the success which will undoubtedly attend it. The New England character, with its configure cess which will undoubtedly attend it. The New England character, with its environ-ment of peturesque scenery, is fitted to be the theme of truest strength and to al-erness in story, and Mr. Munn. "traned in the great school of the world," as ne says of himself, and knowing his native New Eng, and as few men can, is doubt-less better qualified than any of those who are regarded as our masters of fic-tion to present a fruly nowlar Naw Eng. tion to present a truly popular New Eng-nne nove. The great stength of Mr. Muon's work les in is complete ratural iess and social life of Boston, age all her with absorbe indelity, The materials are simple, as they should be,—an old light-

with absolute likelity. The materials are simple, as they should be,—an old lighthouse keeper, a waif from the sea, a young country lawyer, poor in all save education, energy, and integrity, his elster, the village teacher, an unscrupulous city attorney, and the good-hearted, indolent son of a rich Boston merchant, with his aristocratic mother and sisters,—these are all that are of note. But under the skilful touch of the writer the leading character becomes a personification of kind, ners and Yankee strewdness, whose quaint sayings live in the mind, and who wins the enduring love of the reader; the waif, sweet and beautiful, introduces an effectively landled mystery; there develops a dual love plot which holds one's keenest interest until the happy conclusion, and the reader closes with the hone that nothing will keep the fortunate ones from repaying lincle Terry for his noble-hearte-ness. While the story is carried with a strength and knowledge which shows the keen man of affairs in the author, there is runn ag through the book the grace and tendeness of the truly sympathetic admirer of nature, and the tone is everywhere as pure and wholesome as the green fields and ure, and the tone is everywhere as oure nd wholesome as the green fields and alriful brooks, to all lovers of which the

ON TO PEKIN, OR OLD GLORY IN China. By Edward Stratemeyer, author of "Old Glory Series." etc. Ellustrated by Λ . Burnham Shute, Boston: Lee and Shenard, Bound in cloth 12 mo. 230 pages

Price, \$1.25. The countless admirers of the "Russell boys" and their friends, whose fortunes have been so well portrayed in the famous "Cid Glory Series," and great numbers of others as well, will welcome the enterprise of Mr. Stratemeyer in furnishing the most up-to-date book obtainable. The hero, Gilbert Pennington, a warm friend of "Ben" Russell in "A Young Volunteer in Cuba." Russell in "A Young Volunteer in Cuba," has become a fleutemant in the regular army, and goes from the Philippines with the Ninth Regiment to take part in the rescue of the beleaguered British Emwassy at Pekin by the international forces. No more timely or the illng plot could be secured, and Mr. Stratemeyer has risen to the occasion by giving, in addition to one of his very best stories, a store of information concerning China and the Chinese conveyed in a natural and emertaining manner. This book is directly in line with the "Col Glovy Suries" and manta all the conveyed in a manner. This book is directly in line with the "Cid Glery Series," and nearly all the well-known characters are here, even to Wells, the kind ciersyman, who befriended "Larry" Russell in "Under Dewey at Manilo," who is among those succored in the world-famous relief.

RITTENDEN: KENTUCKY STORY OF

CRITTENDEN: KENTUCKY STORY OF LOVE AND WAR. By John Fox, Jr. Chas, Seribner's Sons, New York, pub-lishers. Price, \$1.25. Everything that John Fox writes is good and this book is one of his best productions. There is snup about it from start to finish, the characters are attractive and

inish, the characters are attractive and ingratiating, the love story is interesting and the war story is thelling. Crittenden, the hero of the story, is a hot-blooded, chivairtus, cultivated Kentuckian, who loves his sweetheart, worthing his motion, and is himself the iddicate, the family, black folks and all. He regards nimself as something of a failure having failed at law and failed to win the warmer, why more loved and it was in their

having failed at law and failed to win the woman whom he loved, and it was in that frame of mind that he went to Cuba to fight the Spaniards.

After the war is over he returns to his home to be blessed by his mother, to be worshipped as a hero by the servants, and to find that in the meantime his sweetheart has learned to love him-splendifrewards, all, for the returned soldier, and Chittenden's character then develops, John Fox is a fascinating writer, and in John Fex is a fuscinating writer, the Crittenden home is a picture of

of the Crittenden home is a picture of life, and we old-time Southerners enjoy the negro characters, for they are painted in their true color, so to speak, and they talk old-fashioned, genuine negro talk.

The war story is a valuable contribution to history. Mr. Fox was, we believe, a war correspondent, and this part of his story is not fiction, but fact. Conditions to the story is not fiction, but fact. Conditions to the war care described by in Cuba during the war are described by "the artist on the sect" and no one had described the battle of Santiago with more more poetical or more thrilling circumstance.

circumstance,
The book can be read during an evening's sitting, and is well worth the sime required in its perusal,



Here's a novel Santa Claus Reining in her trusty steeds; Tell me, is it not, I pray? Steadily and true they serve her. Instead of reindeers in the harness Eagerly they fill her needs.

'Tis a strangely mixed condition, Here's a dear within the sleigh. — JEAN C. HAVEZ.

A Mountain Poet.

The Ninth District has a Rhea in her Congress hall.

And how it makes the Radicals bawl.

Some of our boys ought to try their best-And give the 'phone a quiet Sunday evening rest. You can always tell when the students are indoors,
For at noon and recess how the campus roars.

Some things are so poor they can't hardly stand on their feet.

And G. W. J. Gray's old cow is always on Front Street.

Not long ago Willie Alderson was a ween-

sy-teensy boy riding a stick; He went to Dr. Burns' Sunday night, bu nobody was sick. J. B. Branson wouldn't mind to hear the

wheels of prosperity rattle.

For his whole plantation is covered with big fat cattle. Many, many times after riding to Abing-don we were compelled to take a

wasn't because we had stopped in Moccasin Gap. Among the visitors in town Saturday was
Roy Buckles, a pedagochy of high
rank;
But why does he walk like he owned a
whole bank?

God sends the chilly winter winds that blows their skirts knee high. He also sends the grain of sand that blows in the bad man's eye.

Quite a number of lads and lasses from this town and neighborhood Spent Thanksgiving at Joe Ashbrook's, and eat all they possibly could.

Guess we had better stop writing poetry before we cause a great big fuss,
'Cause we get wuss and wuss.

-Lebanon News.

THE MESSAGE OF THE SPHINX. How it Was Read by a Traveler From

America. This is what an American traveler has

to say in The Chautauquan concerning one of the wonders of Egypt:

The Sphinx to me is wonderfully impressive. I had been skeptical of the reports of travelers who have spoken with enthusiastic admiration of this carved block of stone, and was prepared to smile offily at the monster and pass on. But it was my caldish knorance. Even in its saily muthaged state, marred by wan-ton hands, defaced by bullets, I thank it he noblest, most majestic sculptured face into which I have ever looked. I hall rever again use the expression, solemn as a Sphinx." The Sphinx is not solemn. The face looks out across the desert with an expression of lofty, serene certainty, as if it were peering without fear into the unseen and eternal. The Sphinx is the Egyptian 14th of John cut nto stone. "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you." There it lies, mute mysterious and alone. It looked upon the dynasies of old-Egyptian, Greek and Roman, year and Turk. Those all are gone, and we snall die, and still the sleepless rock will watch and wait with that same tranquil, earnest mien, until the day shall break and the shadows free sway. The Pyram.d grave is death; "the Sohinx is hope, hope set up at the door of death.'

The Unparalleled Century, One hundred years ago! What a re-markable story the panarama of the clos-ing century reveals! In 1800, our country was a plucky fledgling, healthy, vigorous, ardent in hope, high in resolve. Our total population was less thrm 5.32,000.
Germany and Britain cach had four Germany and Britain each bad four times our number. Spain twice as

many, and even little Portugal had as I shipping son thinks him; yet it is good big a family of sons and daughters as Uncle Sam. West of the Mississippi, all was wilderness. We had thirteen little States and few cities of prominence except Philadelphia, New York, Baitimore, Boston, and Charleston. The entire rev-enue of the United States Government enue of the United States Government under our first administration was only \$4,500,000, while it now costs annually \$28,-200,418.33 to refray the expenses of the government of the Greater New York. Washington was then a new settlement with only a few thousand oputation, and had been only hately made the capital. The total wealth of the country was roundly estimated at \$200,000,000, or a very little less than \$20 ner capital—Success. little less than \$40 per capita.-Success.

irish Funerals. Humor follows an Irishman even to his

grave. With advancing civilization the glories of wakes have become a thing of glories of wakes have become a thing of the past, though they are still living who can remember "his Honor's" funeral, and how they walked him three days dressed in his best for the admiration of an ad-miring tenantry, who crowded into the "corpse house," and, while the hearse was waiting at the door, seized the coffin and ran away with it helter skelter, down the drive, and rast the locke where the disdrive, and past the lodge where the disconsolate widow was siting on a chair placed on a table in the window, and combing her har for consolation, while she waited to see the funeral cortege she waited to see the funeral cortege pass. That is now ancient history, but the present day is not devoid of humor. Michael Ryan begs to inform the public that he has a large stock of cars, waggonettes, brakes, hearses, and other pleasure vehicles for sale or hire," runs an advertisement in a local paper, the same paper which, in a glowing description of a funeral, announced that "Mrs. B. of Gent a magnificent wreath of artificial flowers in the form of a cross."—The Cernhill.

A Plea for Santa Claus. No man is the great ind vidual his wor-

that the little chap's conception of that paternal myth should be lett und'sturbed, and he who would drag down that ideal to the level of the actual facts would be doing a wrong to the child, and at the same time would take away from the father one of the great incentives to correct and upright living, and the final fulfillment of air his powers. No normal boy wis ever harmed by thinking his poor miserable father the finest thing that ever miserable father the finest thing that ever miserable lather the mest thing that ever was or ever could be; equally true is it that no properly constituted little one ever gained aught that was detrimental by a confemplation of the virtues and a faith in the reality of the ideal figure by a contempation of the virtues and a faith in the reality of the ideal figure that symbolizes the spirit of the yule-tide. Give us back our Santa Claus before it is too late, and spare the children at least that "higher criticism" which destroys ideals and lays bare all the material facts of life without giving us anything in return to relieve or soften their ugli-

Why He Was Not At Home.

ess.-Harper's Weekly.

"Way wouldn't the German Emperor see Mr. Kruger?" asked the inquiring Man.
"Oh." said the Cheerful Idiot, fishing around for the handle on the asparagus, I suppose he was afraid that now Oom Paul had Hocked the Transvaal he would ry to Hoch the Kaiser next."-Commercial Advertiser.

The Bishop Knew Him.

A story current about the b'shop of London just now represents him as a bored listener to a windy speech. Turning to a fellow sufferer, he said: "Do you know that speaker?" "No," was the answer. "I do," said the bishop; "he speaks under many aliases, but his name is Thomas Rot."-London Daily News.

Flying High.

Eggs still continue high, and it is pre-dicted they will be higher before the Christmas cakes are baked.-Pittsylvania

